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THE
Prerogative of the Breeches,
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LETTER to the Sons of MEN:
BEING AN
ANSWER
TO
Petticoat-Government.

Written by
A True-born *English Man.*

LONDON:

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THE
Perogative of the Bishop
IN A
LETTER to the Sons of MEN
BEING AN
ANSWER



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THE PREFACE

OUR new Smock-Advocate makes his Entrance with a Sonorus Blunder in the Teeth of him, which must needs disoblige his Cause, and the fair Spectators of the Combat; For (says he) The Omnipotent in the beginning created all things for Man; which tho' it be as clear and Orthodox as the first Book of Moses, yet it drags this mischievous Truth after it, That Woman is a Subordinate, Underling sort of a Creature; and has more of Value or Trifle in her, as she subserves or confronts this Nobler End of Man's Convenience: 'Tis a peevish sign a Man is under some guilty Apprehensions, when he stumbles so undecently at the Threshold; iho' to

The Preface.

Speak ingenuously ne'er an Author of 'em
all cou'd keep his Leggs, when he carries
such a monstrous Heap and Medley of
Inconsistencies as Petticoat-Government
is able to furnish. The very Notion in
Effigie wou'd make an Atlas reel, and
scare and intoxicate to Distraction; no
wonder therefore if it prove so unweildy
a Machine to our Feminine Author. To
go on with him: Like a Malefactor at
the Barr, whilst he offers to vindicate his
Cause he accuses it an unmerciful rate;
This Devil of a Conscience is continually
dogging him, so that what he wou'd say
he can't with a vice versa; He's but a
young modest Sinner I perceive, as yet,
however he's pretty hopeful, and I doubt
not toward the end of the Chapter, he'll
shake off these Religious Fits, and vouch
his Cause with a better Face, and with
less Interruption from this impertinent
Christianism.

Now he's a Building his Hypothesis
(by the way take notice it's rais'd on the
Dust (of which he'll allow his States-
women were originally made) so that I
expect 'twill be very short-liv'd) The
first Stone he lays is this, That there's a
Na-

The Preface.

Natural Equality betwixt the Male and Female; having advanc'd thus far toward the Edifice, which as it is as wild, as, so'twill meet with the ruine of Babel; he leaves this Stone unpolish'd, and falls sick of the Spleen, and bestows whole Volumes of Toothless Invectives on his own Sex, whereby his Ladies being plac'd on a Level, share in the Infection very plentifully: In a word, He soils the Fountain whence both were deriv'd; and because Man's Extraction was from Dust—Ergo—Petticoat-Government is Jure Divino. Resolv'd on his Raillery, He throws Dirt at the Primitive Portraiture of the Divine Image, as tho' the Male had only an inconsiderable share of that Sacred Reflection, whereas to the Disgrace of his Cause, the words of Eternal Counsel run thus, Let's make Man after our own Image; here's ne'er a Syllable of the soft Sex, and consequently all their claim to that bright Effulgence, flows entirely from those thin Beams, that were sparingly shed on the Original Rib; a Rib! that not only resembled, but even actually prov'd the Bow of Destruction and Death. —

Our

The Preface.

Our Prefacer has yet unlearn'd the Lecture, Nosce Teipsum, which he brandishes against himself, and thereby defiles his own Nest, and disowns the Privilege of his Birth and Sex. Man needs no Perswasives to lure him into Love, and melt down his Passions, he has been too indulgent and effeminate from the first.

Forgiving all his former Sins, he makes a Reinforcement from the Order of Creation, and according to the Gospel, cause she's last, she must be first. She was the finishing stroke of God's Workmanship, and therefore is preferable to the Male; upon this Bottom Angels are the Rubbish of Nature, and the Seraphim the rougher Gleanings of the World, for they were the first Objects of Creating Power; This is his last Refuge, was the Garrison Bombarded, he'd be forc'd to surrender; He fetches an Argument from Artificers (and Tools fit as snug in his Fingers as a Pen, which looks as awkward in his Clutches, as Superiority on the Brows of his Ladies) Statuaries are wont to get their Hands in by ruder Essays, and so to advance to Nobler

The Preface.

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Nobler Productions by Degrees; but this won't hold with the Divine Architect, who can't improve in Wisdom or Skill by the Repetition of Acts. However, I look upon our Author's Treatise to be one of those that is capable of Improvement and Cultivation; so that we expect it in a better Dress when his Joints are got a little more limber, and so on: The conclusion of his Preface shall receive satisfaction e'er I leave him; where I hope to satisfy tender Consciences, and give the World a further account of my Politicks and this Second-hand Usurper.

THE

The Prelude

...production by ...
...held with the Divine ...
...in ...
...of ...
...author ...
...of ...
...to ...
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THE
Prerogative of the Breeches,
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BEING AN
ANSWER
TO
Petticoat-Government.

Gentlemen!

THere can't be a more certain
symptom of a **Weak Cause,**
than to push an Appeal
where one's sure of a Party;
sensible of this, and despairing of suc-
cess from another Quarter, *Our Au-*
thor conceals his Nakedness with Pri-
B mitive

mitive Fig-leaves, and runs his Letter at the whole *Covie of Court Images*. Doubtless his Address shou'd be all Cringe and Humility, seeing the Argument dismounts him from the Privilege of Birth and Breeches. No: *Ceremony dy'd with the Dispensation of Jews*. His first Line gives Hint enough to the World, that the Ladies have *Whisper'd him between the Sheets*, which must either be Satyr or Confession of Sin. This Compliment, I confess, is Courtly and Gay! At his first Entry, he shou'd rather ha' been possess'd with Indulgence and Regard of their *Honour*, the Fortress of Pretence and Hypocrisy, whose outworks are so soft and Silken that they court an Investment, like the Flags of Encouragement. He proceeds with his *FREEDOMS*, and with an unalter'd Forehead, turns up the *Spiritual Petticoats of the Mind*, and gives *Intelligence of the Sex*. Upon Tryal, He pronounces 'em similar and of one kind; but whether the Gender be *Common* or *Epicene*, is yet in the Dark. To drop an Exception in the Heat of
the

the Chase, we han't forgot the *Apocalyptic Wonder, A Woman in Heaven* ! This Denomination is founded on some Difference in the Soul ; for unless she was translated , 'twas impossible for Her to ha' the Company of Her Tabernacle.

This Case determin'd, our *New Politician* makes after his Females into Futurity, and finds an equal Number of happy Petticoats and Trouzers, which, by th' way, is no less than a Confession of Sex in Souls. Read the Bible Good Sir, *One among a Thousand have I not found*, and I hope Scripture holds true in both Worlds. From his Embassy to the Heavens, the *Petticoat Statesman* makes a plunge in Philosophy, and discants on the *Difference of Sex*, which he places in the situation of Parts ; hence Man would have the same Parts with Woman, and the whole Race become Hermaphrodites, we'd then lye Higglety-Pigglety, and at the same Instant double the pleasures of Fruition. From parrying with *Physicks*, He's immediately i'th' other World a Hen-groping, and tells us,

there will be *no Distinction of Sex beyond Death, and the Grave.* If so, then either the Male must swallow the Female, or Lilly must Correct his *Attitude* and insert this Amendment, *The Female's the more worthy.* Having made his Discoveries, he strols home by the *CELTANS*, had he return'd through *Palestine* and the *Old Testament*, his Credentials had been more Authentick, unless the *Heathens* must prescribe to *Christians*, and blind Nature take the Wall of Revelation. His next Argument for his Cause is in these words, *In how much the Husband is exalted so much is the Wife; but ev'ry Husband of a Queen has not the Title of King; the Reason is, because the Woman in Eminence has not such a Fund of Majesty as to spare any for her Yoke fellow, and therefore reserves it to her self; whereas on the other hand, the Royal Masculine enjoys such a Fountain of Authority and Dominion, that the very Emanations of Power which flow from his Robes, derive on the Head of his Consort, and yet she has a Source*
of

of Superiority in himself; unexhausted, like the Sun, which tho' it scatter its Influences on the Earth, yet labours no more under Poverty of Light, than if he were a Miser of his own Beams: But to oppose a Subterfuge to his, The *Child* has its Name from the Father, whereas the *Mother's*, how flourishing soever, lies dormant and neglected; All this is but stark Evasion and Witticism, and therefore only proves the *HUMOUR* and *POLITENESS* of the Author, which is an Argument against himself; for his own Writings sufficiently demonstrate that *We are above Women by the Order of Providence.* Follow him a little, and you'll find his *Rein of Petticoat-Government* a little slacken'd, he'll have no *Woman Rule* over her *Husband*: This heap of Inconsistency makes me wonder what he would advance; one while he declares absolutely for *Petticoat-Government*, and yet every now and then (like a conscious Sinner) he's bating an Ace, and throwing in a qualifying Distinction or two to satisfy his Conscience; Concluding

cluding with himself (I suppose) that we shall charge him with Cowardice for these dishonourable Shams and Shuffles; like a vent'rous Gamester, he tell us very flatly in the same breath, That Government is not only Lawful and Tolerable in a Woman, but justly, naturally, and properly theirs. I'm afraid our Author is link'd to some petulant and imperious She or other, who has made an Example of him, and rung in his Ears the Peals of *Petitoat-Authority*, so that being unable to rescue himself from her Tyranny, he would wipe off the *Disgrace* on't, and make the World believe that he does that out of Choice, which is his Fate and Misery; and that it is not Usurpation in the Sex, but what they may claim from the *Prerogative of Nature*, and the Bounty of the Stars.--- The 7th Page is a bulky Charge upon the Scriptures, asserting the *Freedom and Exemption of the Woman from the Obligation of the Precept*, whilst her elder half was under subjection: If the Woman was not under the Command, 'twas because she was look'd upon as

no

no Moral, **GOVERNABLE** Creature: But 'tis certain she carries the peculiar Vengeance of Heav'n in the **TAIL** of her, being destin'd to Pain in the production of her Offspring. Now had she not sinn'd, she had not been punish'd, and had she not been included in the Influence of the Precept, she cou'd never have sinn'd; for ev'ry Transgression presupposes a Law: So that unless we charge Heav'n with Injustice, we must e'en subscribe to't, that *the Tree was prohibited her*, and that to the everlasting and peculiar Ignominy of her Sex, she broke through the Sanctions of the Law, and expos'd her complaining Offspring to the Volume of Miseries she procur'd, as their lamentable Inheritance.——To return, He hurries in Father *Bernard* by the Beard, if you please to the Bench, as a Witness of the **WOMAN'S PRE-EMINENCE** (whereas by the way, 'tis a blemish to the Patriarch to be so nicely acquainted with the Doctrine of *Woman*) and the Reason why he tempted her was, because
he

he envied *her* more than the *Man*. Now (no dispraise to the hoary Gentleman) it has always been an Article of my Faith, that the Cause is very different, and that it was her *natural Exorableness* (pardon the Voluminous Expression) or the foolish Softness and Easiness of her Humour above the Man's. He proceeds, *Women* (*it is manifest*) *never fell away from the Faith and Christian Religion*) Not to go so high as St. Bernard, there was one *Hutchinson*, in the Reign of Charles the I. is an Heretical Witness against him, Her Tenets were as black as the Devils Morals, and (like the Brats of a fruitful Prostitute) very numerous; but 'twou'd be tedious and superfluous to insist on what all the Historical World will assent to.---Shortly after he'll have it, that *They are Moulds in which all the Race of Adam are cast*. Pretty Sovereign Utensils, on my word, *Sir!* fit only for a Corner, till Nature spur us to second Pleasures, that *ANOTHER EDITION* of Mankind may be publish'd to the World. His Argument (*Page the 10th*) Softens

ens into Praise, and grows as effeminate and weak as his Subject. 'Tis true, we'll grant, they're the *CYANNELS* of the humane Race, and the Honour makes little for their Advantage: For who'd purchase a Casket, was not the Gem within? *Woman* clings and twists her about the *Man*, like the Vine, and Ivy, and was the Wall raz'd, or the Oak o'erblown, we may easily prophesy the Condition of the frail Dependant.—Immediately some faint Qualm of Morality seizes him, and the Conscience of Guilt gapes so wide upon him, that she stops the Transgression of his Panegyrick, and makes him cast a *Mantle of Religion* o'er the *Creature*, that Nature left as defenceless as *vain*. The design of the Dust he raises is this, as I take it, That the *vigorous Man* shou'd not turn *TOWN-BULL*, and break down the inclosures which are so ruinous and full of Breaches, that they almost invite Men to transgress and regale themselves. One would Swear from the Premises, that there's the most *passionate Sympathy*

C

thy *twixt the P* — *A* — *and*
Pinchwife in the Play, who, when his
 Countrey Girl grew Gamesome, be-
 gan his Lectures too late, and got no-
 thing for his Preachments, but Igno-
 miny, Horns and Jealousie. — Upon
 his Recovery, he's confessing a Truth
 that crosses upon his Cause confound-
 edly, where he tell us, that *Familiar-
 ity with the Fair Sex borders on Flame
 and Ruine, and is the Frontier of Vice
 and enormous Passion.* But to make a-
 mends for his Freedom, in comes an
 Encomium on Beauty; had he told
 us, that a Fair colour'd Skin was the
 Banner of Destruction; a gilded Su-
 perficies, the Entrenchment of Satan;
little harmonious Symmetry that bubbles
 Men out of their Senses, and charms
 'em into Wrecks and Quicksands;
 had he continued at this Rate, his
 Page had been consistent, and all of a
 piece. Having (I suppose) finish'd
 all the Arguments and *Innuendo's*
 which can be fetch'd from the *rational*
Creation, to set off his Idol, he pro-
 ceeds to Topicks as irrational as the
 Reasons themselves; for Example,
 those

those which are common to the *She-Beasts* with the Fair Sex,---*Mankind is propagated by their means.*---If this can entitle them to Government, then the prolific *Bitch* may Lord it o'er a barren Court-Lady; besides, the Brutes teem with a more numerous Birth than the most multiplying Woman of 'em all; yea, so gross and palpable is this Reason, that it travails with the Off-spring of this Consequence, Many a Country-Wife may wrest the Scepter from Her Majesty; for if *fruitfulness be an Argument for Government*, then she that is the most fruitful has a Plea for *SUPREMACY*.---But why man't our Sex, my dear SONS OF MEN (I won't say of Women) put in for our Authority as well on the same account, since we have a *Finger in the Pye of Generation*? But this won't stand the Test, and therefore the other must be weakly bottom'd; for by this Measure, he that gets most Children, that is, our ablest Whore-Masters, must ha' been *Our Masters*.---This makes me think our Author was Counsellor of State to some of our

English Monarchs, because some of
 'em were such *eminent SHEET* Ad-
 venturers, and well they might be
 such, if their Thrones were founded
 on such *Curtain-Conquests*. Mr. *...*
 falls into a Pang of Transport and de-
 vout Prostration at the delicate *Compo-*
sure and Symmetry of his Ladies Bodies;
 And shall the Greatness of a Mascul-
 ine spirit submit to the blinding Li-
 neaments of a Rose and Lilly? Let's
 e'en have a Governor like the Froggs, a
 Logg of Wood which is something
 truly substantial and palpable, where-
 as that is but mere Vision and Image-
 ry; 'Tis a pretty Polity for the *Fairies*,
 but too frivolous and childish for the
 Brawn and Spirit of a Man; all the
 other softnesses and sweetnesses he ad-
 vances, are too much such to entitle
 Subjects to Superiority; I own, their
 Eyes, and Glances, are as bright, and
 killing, as the Lightning it self; their
 Frowns are as stormy and victorious,
 as the Thunder; they scarce Smile but
 they wound, and all that, as Mr. *Bays*
 says; yea, and more, they carry Fate
 in their Foreheads, or Destiny on their
 Eye.

Eye-lids, with a Thousand other conquering Prettineſſes; yet, notwithstanding, I think, theſe *Lights* ſhou'd be put under a *Buſhel*, for ſhou'd they be advanc'd to the *Pinnacle*, they'd have more opportunity to deal the Contagion of their miſſive Charms, and Enchantments: In two words, were *Woman*, like *Phaeton*, ſeated on the Summits of the Universe, the Blandiſhments of her Eyes, and the Witchcraft of her Looks, wou'd ſet the World on a Flame in a moment, which effect, I'm afraid, the Imaginary Kingdom it ſelf has had on our Author; for he ſeems to have little Reason on his ſide, but an immoderate Zeal for their Preferment; yet through Heat, and Intemperance of Devotion, he has flagg'd in the Purſuit, and come off with Diſhonour from the Skirmiſh.

I follow my Female Champion, in a Courſe as crooked as the Primative Materials of a *Woman*, (for his Method is altogether as perverſe as his Subject) and here, the firſt gay thing he pitches on, is the *Front* or *Face* of
this

this Building, which (he says) *confounds him*, so that I expect he'll shortly Retreat into the Covert of the Petticoats: In this Confusion he shuffles and shoulders a little, and then turns his Amazons into a *Microcosm*; so that it wou'd puzzle a Philosopher, to resolve, what this little World must Govern, which can be issu'd in nothing but this, that she must Govern Her self, which I grant with all my Soul, and perhaps, the Government of their own Petticoats may be a Task sufficient at present: His Hypothesis of this *Epitome* of Nature is neat, and Rhetorical enough, and has thus much of Truth in't, The Forehead may resemble the Orbs, her Eye brows, the Rainbows; her Eyes, the Stars and Planets; her Frowns, the Storms; Fair Weather, her Smiles; and so on: I say, such and such Parts may bear a similitude of such and such things, in this respect, as the Orbs, Stars, Planets, Storms, and Fair Weather, were all made for the Service of Man, as She was, who's all of 'em in *Miniatore*; tho', without straining the Point, her

her Eyes may be Planets, as they captivate and seduce into Mazes and Madnels; they deviate in effect, and by their wonderful Magick blandish into Extravagancy and Folly. I fear our Author's turn'd, one of these *Star-gazers*, for his *Petticoat-Government* is a mere Wild-Woman; so that one wou'd conclude, he had lost his Eyes by his curiosity, his Method is so enormous, and unexampled; No wonder therefore if he fall so often into Boggs of Absurdity, seeing he wants his Spectacles to shew him the way.

From dabling in *Aristotle's Problems*, and gathering thence the *Prognosticks* of the Fruitful and the Barren, our Author makes a Descent on the pretty, little, Sope-washen Bubbies of the Ladies; He's all in his *Transports* and *preternaturals* upon this fleshly Topick, His unsanctified *Ideas* break forth first in Comparison, and here the *Discovery* is a little uncommon, the Breasts must first resemble a *House well-water'd*; truly Ladies, shou'd this Gentleman by his juggling, creep in at your *Aqueducts*, he'd make as muddy work on't

as

as the Germans at *Cremora*,sm The next offer he makes, his *comparative Fatality* is enlarg'd considerably, he'll have it resemble no less than the whole System of the Universe, here's good footing for the following Affirmative, That Man shoud be content with his Portion, seeing he has no less than Two Worlds for his share. Now between these Two Worldly Hills lies the hidden way; had he Latin'd it thus, *lattea Nomen habet*, the Infection had not been half so catching; but really as the words are English, they're far too Physical. In the next Paragraph he's pretty Mathematical, and Argues the Perfection of his Worlds, Because they're round; a Pudding-Poke Figure indeeth, Sir! A Sheep's Bladder, under favour, may be as round as they. Having spent his Thoughts on the Face and Breasts, he's next rth' very Throats o'them; We'll grant they sing well, but the Argument's too Effeminate and nothing a kin to the Scepter, their Speech is as noisie as a Hackney, and abates nothing in Plenty; some of 'em would speak *Folio's* in a Day.

a Day. I had rather ha' my Head
ty'd in a Kettle Drum, than live al-
most within Cannon-shot of a brawl-
ing Beldame; whoever has his Lot
thrown by Providence in the sphere
of her Activity, I give him up, for he's
swallow'd in Eternal Din, and may
gape and offer a Hundred times, e'er he
gets his meaning off his Stomach. So-
lomon Thought and Wrote at this Rate;
and his Authority, tho't be humane,
yet 'tis substantial and good.

We've now follow'd him, as he
spun his Cause, through Corporal
Beauty; pardon the Expression, 'tis
his own, and there's Corruption 'ith'
Belly on't: He's now in Quest of
Beauty Spiritual, and 'twere Charity
to give him one's Company on this
Head, lest he mistake his Game, and
bewilder himself in the Folds of the
Petticoats. He has cull'd out o'th'
common Herd, for his purpose, a few
fine pieces of Poetical Knick-knacks.
Had some of 'em been confin'd to the
Kitchen, and others to their Thim-
bles, the Morality of the Age had not
been so sully'd, nor the Common-

D

wealth

wealth of Learning so superficially manag'd. When his hand was in, he might ha' blurr'd his Page to the bottom with the *Grecian Sappho*, the *Modern Pix*, *Trothen*, *Phillips*, *Betty Sands*, &c.

Our Author having hitherto been modest to a fault, considering the Fulsonness of his Theme, opens all the reserve of his Smutt and Licentiousness in our Noses: He has only been Cruizing on the Coasts, but now with full Sail he enters the very *Sanctum Sanctorum*, turns aside the Petticoats, exposes his Commodity to the Test of the Curious, and gives us the Experience he has gather'd from a Brace of Wives: Methinks this had been better address'd to a knot of Strumpets, than to the tender Ears of Court-Ladies. His Governesses are ripe for the sport at *Ten years*, so's a Mare, if my Groom en't mistaken: Without Controversie Corruption is stronger, and works more briskly in the *Woman*, than in our innocent Natures; the Soil is more fruitful of Weeds, and we cannot help that, however they've not

not so much Reason to grow proud on the Point, because, *Gentlemen*, they got the *Whipping* hand of us in *Sinning* at first, and have ever since been too swift for our drowzy Company; and yet it's a plain Case, in the very *Mystery* of Generation (as he phrases it, tho' he seems to be no Novice in't) we have the *Ascendant*; we ride whilst they sweat, and bear us through the Conflict.

Our *Lady-Advocate* being under Loss of Wind and Argument, as the last shift of a despairing Orator, he introduces his Clients to speak for themselves, whilst he takes a little Breath behind the Scenes, (for I see he can conceive by the benefit of a Breeze, as well as his Ladies) a bright Company of Queens compose the Procession, they Rendezvouz in Rank, and like Poppets, make a Figure on the Stage, and disappear; one tells ye she signaliz'd her name and Sex by Taking a Town, or Cannonading a Hamlet, whilst perhaps she makes an easie surrender of her Tabernacle at Night to the brawny Architecture of

her *Coach-man*, Another screams out her Atchievements at a Sentence, She foil'd a Tyrant new-flesh'd with Conquest at the Dint of cold Steel, whilst her Men were the Authors of the Victory. There's a Third Royal Ghost looks pale and *silent* on the Ground, (there's the wonder) having little to say in her own vindication! Alas! she's modest with a Witness, and perhaps the stench of the Tombs and Monuments offends the Niceness of her Nose; another too conscious of her former Morals is scar'd to her Wits-end! hold! tell her the Resurrection's not arriv'd yet—Speak if it may please your Ghostly Majesty—Dragg her in, *Jack*, let the Cord loose immediately —

Page 75. He launches in an Ocean of *Oeconomicks*, and prescribes *Laws* and *Limits* to the *Housewives*; they must not meddle with *Indentures*, *Bills*, *Bonds*, *Testaments*, &c. The *Kitchen* is their *Sphere*, there they may Pöch Eggs, attend the Pot, and the Pottage-Pan, with a whole *Catalogue* of Cookery besides. This Limitation looks handsome; had the whole
of

of his Scribble been so sensible as this, he'd ne'er given me the Spleen, but an Imprimatur might ha' been had at my Hands upon the first Petition. To put the World out of doubt that he Writes his Conscience in the last Restriction, he spends Three Pages, which are all *Invective* on the Head of the Woman that transgresses his Rules. They may shake their Scepter at the Chickens, and command their mute Subjects with a Torrent of Loquacity, if they don't usurp on the Husband; but 'tis so natural to the Sex to infringe his Liberties, and eat into his Prerogative, that 'tis good Oeconomics to provide against it.

The Petticoat-Pamphlet (to be a little familiar) is not very voluminous, so that I expected 'twou'd be all to Purpose, and that the quality of the Performance wou'd have made a Recompence for the smallness of the quantity, and that 'twou'd have prov'd an *Epitome* of Reason and Politicks (as he'll have his Ladies of Heav'n) but on a severe search, I find a great part of his Coin-
pure

pure Dross and Refuse, for being melted down a little, 'tis as difficult to find an Atom of good *Sterling* in't, as a Maidenhead in *Drury-Lane*, or a Man without a Horny Forehead in the *Strand*: His Century of Pages sinks confoundedly, and in the last Sheet there's ne'er a Syllable of Petti-coat-Government. Alas! the Gentleman sees that all these Feminine Thrones and Kingdoms are but Castles in the Air; however I'm sensible, when his Fit of Reason returns upon him, he'll easily assent to't. The Moon has a great Influence on his Head, and his Wit Ebbs and Flows with the Sea; sometimes he amazes us with a Tide of Rhetorick and Reason, but subsides into Low Water upon't shortly after, and for one slender Carnival, we suffer a long-liv'd Lert and Famine of Sense. And yet, had he been a *Gentleman*, after all this, I cou'd ha' put up all former affronts; but here he leaves his Ladies after prospect and promise of Cimeters and Chaplets, in the Kitchen; this scurvy trick has expos'd all the Gallantry he pre-

pretended at his Entrance: How foul and dishonourable! to forsake 'em in their Cookery, when he pawn'd his Reputation to hand 'em to Court! To give 'em a Spit or a Spoon for a Scepter, Kine and Poultry for Subjects, and the Cat and Dog for a Guard of Attendance! However to speak Logick, the Gentleman has spoken too plainly to be false, for such Trumpery is more apposite to their Natures and Capacities, and not a Soul of 'em is able to bear the Weight and Charge of a Kingdom on their Shoulders.

Except our incomparable Lady Queen *ANNE*, who possesses a Masculine Spirit beneath the foster Body of a *Woman*; Her Natural Endowments translate Her from the Rank of *Women*; so that the Gun-powder of this Discourse was never design'd (as 'twas indeed utterly impossible) to blast the springing Laurels of so August a Heroine: Let 'em expand and flourish, ever Gay and Verdant, Fair and Beautious as her Sex; and Fragrant as the Memory of Her happy

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Accession to the Throne of Great Britain. When our late Hero let the Reins of Government Drop from his Hand, and resign'd the Pomp of a Crown, for a Chaplet of Immortality, and like the *declining Sun*, left us in Darkness and Despair, She took the Golden Burthen in Compassion to Her Countrey, and like the Rising *Luna*, dispers'd that Night which had envelop'd her *Albion*, and gave us an Auspicious prospect of Repose and Safety from our Enemies: At first she shone pale and languid as the *Moon*, for Her Eyes were bedew'd with sorrow for Her expiring Brother; but now She emerges from the Conflict in Triumph, and composes the whole Body of Light and Beauty; Her Government is mild and compassionate as Her Sex, and yet Awful and Manly as the Spirit of Her *Royal Consort*; She has the Thunder of *Jupiter*, with the Wisdom and Sagacity of *Apollo*, The Doves of *Venus*, with the fancy'd Peacocks of *Juno*, are Her Charioteers; She has the Parade and Pageantry of these, with the Innocence and Simplicity

plicity of the former; In a word, She
 has the Kindness and Devotion of an
 Angel; the Greatness of a Goddess;
 the Sedateness of a Cloyster, in the
 Noise and Business of a Court; Easy-
 ness to engage our Love; and Majesty
 to command our Obedience: The
 whole List of Princely Vertues are dis-
 play'd in Her Conduct; The stream
 of Foreign and Domestick Affairs
 runs on successfully, undisturb'd, and
 with an equal surface. These im-
 portant Kingdoms made no plunge;
 when She mounted the Throne, the
 Reins of Government were kept sted-
 dy, and manag'd with the utmost
 skill. Her Courage gives surprize to
 her Enemies, and Hope to Her Allies.
 She steers Her Charge with a Hand as
 Gentle as *Her own*; and keeps up at
 once the *Temper* and *Dignity* of the
 Crown. Her *Management* is big with
 Concern for the Safety and Honour of
 Her Kingdoms, which has inviolably
 secur'd the Affections of Her Subjects;
 She's as kind as a Guardian Angel,
 and as swift to relieve; She's as Cha-
 ritable as the Clouds, and as Impartial

as they. Her Piety engages Heaven
 in the Interest of Her Kingdoms;
 and makes Her Subjects share the In-
 fluence of Divine Care. Religion is
 the brightest Beam that can enter the
 Character of a Queen; and the World
 is sensible with what Eminence it
 shines in Her Majesty. Her Principles
 were unpoison'd from Her Infancy;
 and Her Piety was confirm'd with Her
 years. Shou'd Victory grow familiar
 with our Arms, Religion wou'd spread
 Her Limits, and keep pace with Con-
 quest. Our Hopes gather new Life,
 that the Heathen shall turn Christians;
 that *Babylon* shall kiss the Ground,
 and the *Man of Sin* lye buried in her
 Ruines. If our Hopes swell at this
 rate, our Gratitude to Heaven for the
 Gift of such a Governess, shou'd be
 justly proportion'd.

The late Breach made the Subjects
 sensible of their Dependance; and
 how precarious their Condition was;
 they seem'd to border on Persecution
 and Slavery, unless Sovereign Mercy
 had interpos'd and fill'd the Throne,
 that was left without Anchor and
 Ballast

Ballast in the midst of Storm and Tempest. Provisions were made at once to secure our Religion and civil Liberty.

When Heaven finds a Female on the Throne, 'tis sufficient Evidence of Worth and Merit, and the variety of Dispensations is the beauty of Providence; and whereas the soft Sex is not naturally form'd for Government, 'tis the most just and shining *Pearl* in the Character of Her Majesty, that *She* alone, as *qualified*, was singl'd forth to sway the Scepter of these Kingdoms; and as tho' Providence design'd the *Fair Sex* for the support of *Great Britain*, we've the growing Merit of the Princess *Sophia* in our view.

The Succession is so well establish'd, that Mortality it self cannot heave the Basis of these Kingdoms, and set *Great Britain* once more afloat: Popery may envy our Security, and the most Sage Polititian may Copy from the present Constitution, where Monarchy and the Liberty of the Subject are so happily United, that they

give mutual supports to each other.

Great Britain, by the *Vertuous* and *Wise Conduct* of a *Queen*, is in Condition to give both *Instruction* and *Terror* to Her Enemies. How extensively maynt we stretch our Hopes, and yet have room for surprize in the Event!

Bourbon may tremble at the Strength of Alliances, and like the Heart furrounded with Distemper, struggle in vain with an entire Investment, and only perplex it self in the *Iron Net*, and render an Escape impracticable. The injur'd Heavens will reckon at last with that lofty Tyrant, and may humble him on the lowest Spoke of the Wheel of Fortune: The higher he makes his Ascent, 'twill add Horror to his Fall, and give Force to his Ruine.

Persecution and Bloodshed will one Day give Wings to Vengeance; and as the Bolts of Heaven linger, they glow in their Forges, that the Doom may be more accomplish'd, and fill the World with the last Degrees of Amazement and Wonder. Religion
and

and the Rights of Nations are the Cause, and we need not doubt the concurrence of a Superior Hand. The Delays of Divine Justice are only the Restraints of Infinite Wisdom, and so soon as the Reason of those is remov'd, the Catastrophe must follow of course; and how capable of a Moral that may prove, I'll leave to the Pens that suck their subsistence from such Hints as this. — This length of Digression was necessary, to remove at once the Suspition and Amusement of the World, with respect to the Manners and Politicks of the Writer; but having dispatch'd it, we've room to reflect.

Thus far have we follow'd him through the various Folds and Mazes of the Petticoats, and find nothing in the Constitution of these, nor of the Women themselves, that make the least shadow of pretence to Government; We only jump in our Notions of *the Queen*, which is a sign however that we agree in Fundamentals, so that Christianity obliges me to have charitable thoughts of my Dissenting Brother;

Brother; I'll only advance one step further, and set the *Prerogative* of the *Breeches* in a better Light, and then good-by t'ye; I'd gladly argue our Author into Preferment, and tho' he has ta'en a deal of pains to dishonour and debase himself; yet my Principles oblige me to wrest the Weapon from him, when I see he wou'd lay violent Hands on himself. — I shall dispatch the Premises in these Three General Heads:

First, Shew that we are Superior to the Woman by order of Creation; *Secondly*, By the Authority of Scripture; and *Lastly*, By the Consent of all Nations.

1st, By the the Order of Creation: And first our Minds are furnish'd by Nature with Principles of Valour and Bravery, whilst theirs is of a softer Contexture, or at best compos'd of a delicate Cowardice; The Seeds of Honourable Defence and Resistance are incorporated in our Essence, and grow in proportion with the Man, if the Prejudice of Education, or some other

ther Accident choak not the Soil, and nip the Fruit in the Blossom; Besides, we are naturally of a sedate and considering Genius, abler to weigh the Influence and Importance of Causes, and the probability of Events issuing from them, than *they* can pretend; The References of Things ask a Philosophical and comprehensive Mind to manage 'em to advantage, to throw them in the Right Scale, and range 'em in their due Predicaments. The Woman is of a more heady and violent Disposition, what Hints of Things she has, come into her Mind by *Start* and *Accident*, and are the Product of one Sally of Thought; she's unable to penetrate to the Bowels of a Case, and to think with a demure severity on an Argument: Now such a Constitution can never qualifie for Government; The native Loquacity of the Fair Sex is a noisie Argument, that their Minds are brisk and ever working like the Sea, and therefore must of necessity be accompany'd with Mud and Sediment; Their thoughts are too shifting and promiscuous to be
calm

calm and regular; They are well-tun'd for the politer faculties of Poetry and Musick, but of too slender a Make to wield the great Machine of a Kingdom.

Besides *they're* too sequacious and exorable to be Governours; *Credulity* is an ill Quality, or at best hand a fine-span Defect. *Conduct* and *Credulity* are Strangers, the latter has cost Us our Happinels, and betray'd us to the outrageous Insults of Sin and its dismal Attendance. Petticoat-Government was the Ruine of us all: When our first Mother took upon her to prescribe, and insinuate into her Husband, *Reason* lost the Throne, and *She* storm'd and usurp'd it.

adly, The structure of our Bodies is peculiarly fram'd for Arms and Artillery, we are hale and well-built, strong and magnanimous; whereas they can't so much as endure the Inclemency of the Weather: *My Lady* dare scarce look out if it Rain or Bluster; No, no! Can they stand the Charge of Volleys of Smoak and Powder, when most of 'em will shiver at the

the Noise of an Engine, as a Colt at a Drum? Can they bear the Glitter and Hostility of a Javelin, who shriek in a Rapture of Fear, if a Mouse take but sanctuary in their Petticoats? They turn Colour at the sight of Blood, and can scarce endure the prick of a Lancet without a Swoon; their Passions are all Tumult and Mercury, soon fir'd, but difficult to extinguish. Tho' I confess their timorous Disposition is not altogether unreasonable, seeing Nature has only furnish'd 'em with the Weapons of their Tongues and Beauty; and a Number of 'em can lay as slender claim to the latter, as Men to the former. Their Nerves are too slender Threads to throw the Instruments of Death; and their Arms the fittest for am'rous Engagements, where their Inclination is to yield, and Victory their aversion. Their Breasts are Nature's Billows, where the Hero, fatigued with War, may rest and recline his Head.

Providence has doom'd 'em to attend the Office of Generation and
F Child.

Child-Birth, there the Flower of their years is spent, whereas Man is free and unencumber'd with such Appendages; He can weather out the Storms of Winter in the Camp, foot it o'er Hills of Snow and Ice, face Danger and Death, and yet look as unconcern'd as a Man that's unengag'd. Notwithstanding, shou'd the *Petticoats* grudge us the Prerogative on this Head, I'll consent with all my Heart, that Experiment shall decide the Controversie. If they're too hot at home, let 'em make the Trial of a Campaign; and if their Success shall equal their Vanity, we'll resign the Cudgels, and try to handle the Spindle and Distaff. But to proceed,

3dly, The whole Tide of Law and Gospel, bears strongly against the Ladies; and without more words they must either have more Bulk of Body, or Vigour of Mind, ere they can stem the Current; God is the Fountain of all Power and Authority, ev'ry Stream of created Majesty is derived from him, and the Scriptures are the Signification and Discovery of his Pleasure

sure in that respect: Now This commands dogmatically, *Wives be obedient to your Husbands*; and indeed there's all the Reason in the World for't; I don't see they've any Pleas to prefer to the contrary; for take but a transient survey of *the Woman* rising into Being, she struggles from his side; so that make the best hand of her, she's only a Fragment of a Man: And en't it Ingratitude in the height to forget the Rock from whence she was hewn, and the Source whence she flows? And now Gentlemen to be a little Philosophical (for you'll apprehend me, tho' it be out of the Sphere of the Ladies) *That which is produc'd out of another, can have nothing in't which the other from which 'twas educ'd was not possess'd of, and by Consequence it must have nothing peculiar to it self, so far as the other was the Matter of which 'twas form'd*: Now if the Petticoats have Authority and Dominion, then the Breeches must be suppos'd to have been antecedently furnish'd with that advantage; because those were shap'd out of the latter, and nothing can give

what it has not. Now Government is a thing which can't be communicated after this manner, for the Nature on't is *proper* and *peculiar*, and can't exist in Two at once; where the Controversie is whether of those two must be superiour, the one must be subject to the other; for ev'ry *Relate* supposes a *Correlate*; for which (if you ben't satisfied) consult Mr. *Burgendicius* on that Topick. I ask your pardon, I've forgot the *Page*. Perhaps you'd return upon me, that by the same Reason we may say, the second Man in the World cou'd therefore have no more in him than the Woman, because he sprang from her—I answer, the Communication of Masculine Seminals was enough to give him a degree of Eminence above the Woman; neither had he a Title to Government as he was born of her, but as 'twas the positive and peremptory Order of Heav'n, and so far as the Man contributed to his Being. Not to deafen you any longer with the *Campanalogy* of our Learned *Jargon*—In the Primitive Days, when Men led better Lives than we do, being
at

at a less Remove from the State of Innocence ; *Sarah* made a Lord of her Husband, whereas we have a company of blackmouth'd Jilts that will have a Man sneaking and submissive, or they can't down with him : This has a great hand in fostering Feuds and Quarrels in Societies, and if a Woman sits at the Helm expect nothing but Storms and Hurricanes.

'Twas once my Fortune to live in a private Family, where an old Maid was the Landlady, and bore sway o'er her Philosophick Tablers, but her Fingers were always so greasie with the Contagion of a Kitchin, that she cou'd never manage the Reins of Government equally ; so that this pert Company of Candidates for the Muses (who were better vers'd in Politicks than to suffer her to usurp) were always grudging her the Pre-eminence, and giving her Messes of Morality, and Lectures out of *Lawson*, concerning the Degrees of Sovereignty, and the Rights of a Woman ; and urging in short, that they cou'd never lead Godly and quiet Lives under her Empire, and indeed ever
since

since the first Fair Sinner got the Conquest of her Husband, by perswading him at once to taste of the Apple, and bubbling him of his Happiness, ever since (I say) the Sex has been Plotting how to keep that strong hold, and should'ring to greater preferment: But to return, That which I tell my Story for is this, There was little to be heard from her but Flights of *Billingsgate*, and Sallies of Water-language for the space of---let me see---above half a year---

Quod erat Demonstrandum.

The Third Topick is the Consent of Nations, here the Field is as large and copious as Universal History, and the smallest Compend wou'd transgress the Brevity which is here design'd; however, to make an offer in Generals, will set the Argument in sufficient Light----

The *Assyrian Empire* makes the first considerable Figure in the *Post-diluvian History*; 'tis well known so long as the *Assyrians* were subject to Male-Government, the Glory of the Empire kept its *Meridian*, but so soon as *Semiramis* met her *Fate*, the just Retaliation of Heaven for snatching the *Reins* by Fraud and

In-

Injustice, The *Strength* and *Terror* of the Empire dwindl'd into the soft effeminacy of *Sardanapalus*; *Regis ad exemplum*. &c. Shou'd we trace the Translation of that Government down through the *Medes* and *Babylonians*, 'till the *Assyrians* regain'd the half of their Ancient Power, and shar'd the *Regency* with *Babylon*, the Discovery wou'd support our Cause, and shew how Religiously they devoted themselves to the Government of *Males*. Shou'd we pursue the search, as the Empire was successively devolv'd on the *Persians* and *Macedonians*, the whole Management of that Power wou'd favour our Assertion, and make us Masters of the Field. The *Trojan* and *Lydian* Kingdoms were steer'd by the *Males*, and a Descant on 'em, wou'd reflect on the Memory and Acquaintance of the Reader. The *Egyptian* Government was under the Management of *Males*, and kept close to Kind, 'till the *Persians* o'erspread 'em, and joyn'd *Egypt* to their own Dominions.

The *Grecian* and *Roman* Empires make entirely for us; every School-Boy can enumerate the Catalogue of their

their Governours at his Fingers Ends.

The Triple Division of the *Macedonian* Monarchy, and the Management of that divided, give the Conquest to our Cause. When the *Romans* swallow'd the *Egyptian* Empire, their History revives upon us, and opens their whole scene of Affairs, under *Kings, Consuls and Emperors*.

The Modern History of *Europe* is so well known and cultivated, that I shan't give it a Glance; yet we are sensible how 'twou'd stand affected upon Tryal. Thus we've seen in Miniature how the Example and Consent of Nations, support the *Prerogative of the Rake*.

There's not the least stroke in the whole Performance, that stains the *Character* of Her present Majesty; for as Her Merit lifts Her above Flattery, so it gives Her a just Distinction from the rest of Her Sex. *May She Reign long the Guardian Angel of these Kingdoms, and the Terror of Her Enemies.*



Gentlemen,

Your Humble Servant,

God Save the Queen.

F I N I S.